

T H E

74

Rocking of the Cradle

O R,

H U S H Y - B A.

To which are added,

The affectionate **SOLDIER.**

The Sailor's return from Cape Breton.

The **VIRGINS** *Frightened.*

The **GENEROUS SOUL.**



Entered according to Order.



ROCKING THE CRADLE ; OR, HUSHY-BA.

I Am an old man of three score and ten,
I am rocking the cradle and making my moan,
I am an old man, I am three score and ten,
I am rocking the cradle that is none of my own.

C H O R U S.

Which makes me sing hushy-ba, nothing to me,
and gars me say hushy-ba, Bastard, ly still,
Tho' I'm not your daddy, my wife is your minnie,
waes me! for she's taking too much of her will.

I'm old and I'm crazie but might have liv'd easy,
but nothing would please me but the young and the
I am old and I'm crazie, I might have liv'd easy, (fair,
but Cupid leads captive the boldest in war.

To halls and to plays she always goes foremost,
she's always going foremost and carries the gace,
To all sorts of balls she's still going foremost,
she's ay seeking something I cannot well gie.

It's none of my own that lies in the cradle.
which makes me sing to it so mournfully, (die,
There's two and two at the sea, two and two like to
two lie in the cradle and two on my knee.

You impudent rogue, replied the mother,
Is little you think what I have to do,
I'm knitting your stockings and washing your linens,
I'm rocking your cradle and spinning your tow.

C H O R U S.

Which makes me sing hushy-ba, something to me,
which makes me sing hushy-ba, baby lie still,

(3)

Tho' he's no your daddy, yet I am your minnie,
it's well known I ne'er got too much of my will.

Then she comes in with a rap on the table,
crying, you old rogue, is the tea-kettle on?
Get up you old devil and rock while you're able,
or else if you don't you'll get skelping your fill.

C H O R U S.

Which makes me cry hushy-ba, nothing for me,
which makes me sing hushy ba, baby lie still, &c.

(*) + ♪ + (*) + † (♫) † + ♪ + † + (*)

THE AFFECTIONATE SOLDIER.

T WAS on the ev'ning of a winter day,
when safe returning from a long campaign,
Allen o'ertoil'd and weary with the way,
came home to see his Sally once again.

His batter'd arms he carelessly threw down,
and view'd his Sally with enraptur'd eyes;
But she receiv'd him with a modest frown,
she knew not Allen in his rough disguise.

His hair was matted, and his beard unshorn,
his tatter'd 'countaments about him hung,
A tear of pleasure did his cheek adorn,
and blessings fell in torrents from his tongue.

Am I so alter'd with this cruel trade,
that you your faithful Allen have forgot,
Or has your heart upto some other stray'd,
ah! why did I escape the murdering shot?

When thus he spoke, her wonted colour fled,
she ran and sank upon her Allen's breast,
All pale a while she look'd like one that's dead,
she kiss'd, she breath'd, and all her love confess'd.

Yes, my delight, though alter'd as thou art,
 reduc'd by honest courage to this state.
 Thou art the golden treasure of my heart,
 my long lost husband, and my wish'd for mate.



The SAILOR'S RETURN from CAPE BRETON.

STand round my brave boys, let's sing and rejoice,
 we dread neither dangers nor fears,
 Cape Breton's our own as sure as a gun,
 and Boscawen's the bravest of tars.

While the sea ran so high, we could hardly get nigh,
 and thundering cannons did roar
 We determin'd to land tho' oppos'd from the strand,
 and so boldly went bump upon shore.

Soon their light houses we took & their colours we struck,
 and our red English Cross on it heighten'd,
 From their batteries they run, British vengeance to shun,
 for the Monsieurs were damnably frighten'd.

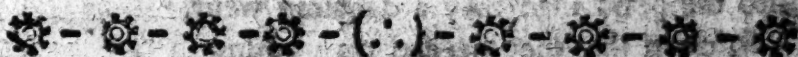
Sacra Dieu they roar'd but we assur'd no doubt,
 not a faint could afford them relief;
 And how should soup meagre challenge Bougre,
 to fight like the Sons of Roast Beef.

Their ships of the line strove to baulk our design,
 but into the harbour we row'd. (hatches,
 We damn'd their hot matches, soon clapt down their
 burn't one and out t'other we tow'd.

Then the governor sent, to surrender content,
 to save from destruction the town,
 What he asked we granted, we had what we wanted,
 and Louisburgh then was our own.

I never could laugh at a show so by half,
 as to see their lank soldiers and sailors,
 By Jove my friend Will I thought then and think still,
 they were nothing but journeymen taylor's.

Such glorious success, as our wrongs must redress,
 and the French on their marrow bones bring:
 Now let's have a dance, with your partners advance,
 and so God bless great George our King.



THE WANTON VIRGINS FRIGHTENED.

ALL you that delight in a jocular song,
 come listen unto me a while, Sir,
 I will engage you shall not tarry long,
 before it will make you to smile, Sir.

Near to the town there liv'd an old man,
 had three pretty maids to his daughters,
 Of whom I shall tell such a story anon,
 will tickle your fancy with laughter.

The old man he had in his garden a pond,
 'twas very fine summer weather,
 The daughters one night, they were all very fond,
 to go and bathe in it together.

Which they all agreed, but happ'ned to be,
 espy'd by a youth in the house, Sir;
 Who got in the garden, and climb'd up a tree,
 and there lay as snug as a mouse, Sir.

The branch where he sat hung over the pond,
 and each puff-of wind made it totter;
 Pleased with the thoughts, he should sit so abscond,
 and see them go into the water.

When the old man was safe in his bed,
 the daughters to the pond repair'd, Sir,
 One to the other two, laughing, she said,
 as high as our bubbies we'll venture.

Upon the tender green grass they sat down,
 and they all were of delicate feature ;
 Each pull'd off her petticoats, smock and gown,
 no sight could ever be sweeter.

Into the pond then they a dabbling went,
 so clean that they needed no washing ;
 But they were all so unluckily bent,
 like boys they began to be dashing.

If any should chance to see us says one,
 they'd think we are goddess's of evils,
 And from the sight of us would quickly run,
 to avoid so many white devils.

This put the youth into such a merry pin,
 he let go his hold through laughter ;
 And as it fell out, he fell tumbling in,
 and fear'd them all out of the water.

The old man by this time a noise had heard,
 and rose out of his bed in a fright, Sir,
 And comes to the door with an old rusty sword,
 there stood in a posture to fight, Sir.

The daughters they all ran nimbly in,
 and over their dad they did sounder ;
 Who cry'd out aloud, Mercy good gentlemen,
 and thought they were thieves come to plunder.

The noise by this time the neighbourhood hears,
 who came with long clubs to assist him,
 He said, three bloody regues ran up my stairs,
 I dur'd by no means to resist them.

For they all three were clothed in buff,
 he saw as they shov'd in their shoulders,
 And black bandiliers hung before like a ruff,
 which made me believe they were foldiers.

The virgins their clothes in the garden had left,
 and keys of their trunks in their pockets,
 To roll them in sheets, were fain to make shift,
 their chests they could not get unlockt.

At last ventur'd up these valiant young men,
 tho' arm'd with courage undaunted ;
 But took them for spirits, and run back again,
 and swore that the house it was haunted.

As they retreated, the young man they met,
 come shivering in at the door, Sir,
 Who look'd like a rat, his clothes dripping wet,
 no rogue that was pump'd could look worse, Sir,

They all were amazed to see him come in,
 and asked him what was the matter ?
 He told them the story and where he had been,
 which made them to burst into laughter.

Quoth the old man, O f was in a huff,
 and reckon'd to cut them assunder,
 Thinking that they'd been three soldiers in buff,
 and come for to rifle and plunder.

But they're my three daughters whom I do adore,
 all frighted from private diversion ;
 Therefore I'll put up my old rusty sword,
 for why should I be in a passion.

All ye young maids that these lines revile,
 that go out for to wash in the night ;
 Beware of the boys that are hid in the trees,
 lest that they surprize you with fright.



THE GENEROUS SOUL.

LET Epicures boast of their delicate feasts,
Let drunkards enjoy their full bowl;
If my feast gives content tho' but homely the fare,
I'll stile it the feast of the Soul.

If pleasure result from an earnest desire
to amuse and enliven the whole;
That pleasure is mine, and I'll strive to inspire
the same in each Generous Soul.

The musty pedantic may boast of his power,
each generous thought to controul;
'Tis but stoical apathy, reason ne'er checks
the social delights of the Soul.

The beneficent hand of kind nature has spread
a profusion of sweets through the whole;
And who would refuse of her bounties to taste
but a sour and splenetic Soul.

Be our passions the gale, and let reason but steer,
then safe down the stream shall we roll;
And enjoy in the passage each pleasure that spring,
each social delight of the Soul.

With reason we'll taste of the pleasures of life,
with reason partake of the bowl; (crown,
And the blessings of health, love and friendship shall
from whence springs the joys of the Soul.

Let us cherish the gift as a bounty most rare,
let us seize on old time as it roll;
And when nature forbids it, let's calmly resign
the social delights of the Soul,

F I N I S.